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Ballads of the Seasons

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BALLADS OF THE SEASONS

BY

GEORGE SANDS JOHNSON

Illustrations by

ISABELLA MORTON



ABERDEEN PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK

[1910]

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Introductory.

I trust these humble efforts of mine will be accepted as a token of patience and perseverance.

I am a great lover of nature, as the "BALLADS OF THE SEASONS" will prove.

In writing these expressions my aim has been to unfold to the children of the land the beauty and power and influence of Mother Earth's greatness; what she is to us, and what we ought to be to her.

GEORGE SANDS JOHNSON.

The Death of the Wild Fowls.

Glad is the heart of the hunter,
 While roving and seeking for rail,
Keen is his eye for the plover,
 The partridge, the woodcock and quail.
In highlands, moorlands and woodlands,
 He seeks ever there for the game
That dreads the sound of his footsteps
 And flees at the sight of his aim.

Soon will the earth seem forsaken,
 The universe cheerless and drear,
If man does not pause and consider,
 Their ruthless and selfish career.
Many a brood has been broken,
 And parent-birds crippled and slain,
 As ruthless as bandits of Spain.
By cold and feelingless hunters,

Where rushes and reeds are trampled,
 Few water fowls mingle to-day,
They have been frightened and driven,
 To other haunts farther away.
How changed is the fair face of Nature!
 How vain seem the actions of men!
The dull and silent surroundings,
 Make dearer the days that have been.

Fell methods and useless destruction,
 But make the world barren and mean;
And, like the lone desert of Egypt,
 A gloomy, monotonous scene.
What is the need of protection,
 If scamps are allowed to destroy
The beauty God is creating
 For all to behold and enjoy?

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Ballads of the Seasons



When Spring Comes Back.

When spring comes back and Nature wakens,
 Earth's vernal brides all arise to greet
The world with happy smiles and voices,
 While hearts with renewed ambition beat.

Like as dear friends and boon companions,
 Are drawn together by kindred views,
Will meet and have a pleasant visit—
 Full of good wishes and joyful news!

When spring comes back, with love and laughter
 Far echoing through the blue halls of space,
Then souls of silence leap to beauty,
 Scattering joy in each path and place.

All catch the spirit born of gladness,
 When spring comes back to report and spread
The news that winter has departed
 And Nature is rising from the dead.

It is a relief, a golden blessing!
 Shining to brighten time's changeful track,
Cheered by the promise of hopeful hours—
 Measured to mortals when spring comes back.

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Power of Nature.

What awful power and deep mysteries
 Lie hidden in dark veins of Nature's heart,
The keenest eye of science but vaguely sees
 Or understands the future's buried art.

In time's strange caverns, veiled with curtains dark,
 Grim monsters slumber, while no tongue can prove
How long fair signs will last till time shall mark
 The danger—spots wherein mad demons move.

Human knowledge at best is frail and weak!
 When Nature's voice is heard in mighty tones
The world stands awed, at loss to think or speak,
 Amazed and helpless as the silent stones.

Nature finds fault at man's extravagance
 In curious ways—voiced with sudden wrath—
That swerve and check the world's confused advance,
 Rushing headlong to perish in Nature's path.

Life is drifting! Like shifting grains of sand,
 Heaped on the beach of Time's vast unknown waste,
Breaking and washing with a wasteful hand,
 In endless uproar and with evil haste.

The dire disasters and immense events,
 That steep the world in darkness and in tears,
Seem to be sent as warning incidents
 To guide mankind to scenes of calmer years.

When Nature speaks with wrath the world grows mild,
 Then humbly bows in meek obedience
To her majestic will, at times, seems wild
 And restless over mortal's negligence.

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April.

Behold! the glowing orb peeps through
The magic clouds that yawn and close
Like silver portals lined with gold.
The azure wears a brighter hue;
And floral fingers weave anew
The vernal pledges; ruddy glows
Illumine and bedeck the wold.
Youth of the year, abrim with pride,
Now sallies forth and flings aside
Time-wasted vestures wan and old.
The Goddess of Green benignly smiles;
All intermix with hymns of praise
That loop together peaceful days,
While Earth is clad in winsome styles.

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Nature.

What is Nature? A deep, invisible power,
The mystery of Time and Death,
That gives and takes Life in a breath;
 A force which holds the world in awe,
And shapes strange links Fate severeth;
A vast and curious mighty tower
 Wherein is framed Life's mystic law.

The mazy trail of Nature all must ramble,
Meek as sheep that are driven by
A shepherd, while his watchful eye
 Fashions a plan and lines a course
The drove shall follow, grazing high,
Bleating at the lambs that gambol
 In stray thickets of growth and gorse.

Nature rules all! Her scheme is most bewitching;
Her secret workings guide the Earth
And set in motion waves of mirth;
 All things of high or low degree
Pay tribute to her matchless worth,
Each in turn the world enriching
 While responding to her plea.

Nature works wonders that make the world tremble,
Souls gaze aghast in wild dismay
What tasks she wills life shall obey
 Or pay a forfeit soon or late;
She reigns supreme in every way,
All beneath her must assemble
 When she presses the key of fate.

Nature is love. She crowns the happy seasons
With grandest splendor, calm scene and song,
The world enjoys as it drifts along
 Through hidden grooves of Providence;
Controls an endless, mingling throng,
Living and dying for certain reasons,
 In keeping with Nature's influence.

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The Rivulet.

It runs and leaps through rugged walls,
 And glides through meadows green,
Where flowers smile and gently stoop
 To kiss it all unseen.
Down mossy slopes, through cool ravines
 And chasms deep and wide;
The rivulet, in mazy tones,
 Flows on and meets the tide.

It chatters to the gleaming stones,
 Along the fern-clad rim,
And sallies past the polished crags
 That cleave the foamy brim.
With sudden curves and graceful bends
 It dashes 'round the knolls;
It purls and ripples over flats,
 And slips across the shoals.

In cosy nooks and sunny glades
 It sings a merry lay
And whispers to the grassy clumps,
 That waver long the way.
It races past the tangled copse,
 And trails through marsh and swale,
Among the haunts and quaint retreats
 Of woodcock, snipe and quail.

Through brambly dells and bushy glens,
 And ledges filled with vines,
The rivulet, 'midst happy scenes,
 Upon its journey winds.
Through shade and sunshine and through time,
 It flows and rushes past
The eras of the human race
 And gains the sea at last.

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Springtime.

The cows are lowing,
The cocks are crowing,
While joy and laughter
Now ripple after
Love's winsome moods supremely rife.
Sights gayly mingle,
Sounds gladly jingle;
And days grow longer,
And hearts feel stronger,
Refreshed with blithesome scenes of life.

A jocund feeling,
To all appealing,
Awake old measures,
Renew fond pleasures
While Nature strikes her tuneful lyres.
The earth is waking,
The buds are breaking,
And eager meetings,
And merry greetings,
Rekindle love's impulsive fires.

The streams are flowing,
The warm winds blowing;
A charming brightness
Imparts delightness,
And mirthful currents cleave the air.
The birds are winging
And sweetly singing.
A new-born rapture
Our hearts encapture,
And flings aside all wintry care.

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The Imparts.

Gentle spring will soon be here,
Then the snow will disappear
And fields and flowers gladly greet the eye,
And the joys of pleasant days
Will regale in cheerful ways
The kindred thoughts of every passer-by.

Day by day the sun ascends
Thus to welcome back the friends
That fain would feel his warm and genial rays,
Thence to mingle with the green
Basking in a golden sheen,
From whence arises sounds of joyous praise.

Mirthful life will all unite
In a realm of true delight
That nature condescends to kindly give.
Winter months are cold and drear,
But they help make up the year
That frames the good and bad in which we live.

It takes them both together
To form allotted weather,
Which makes us most contented with our share.
I suppose if all were bright,
We would weary of the sight
And wish for other things not half so fair.

If our life were free from woe
We might not enjoy it so
No better nor as good perhaps as now.
Nature plans the wisest way,
Time imparts it day by day
The measured portion each and all allow.

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With the Coming of the Leaves.

The sky with grandeur is glowing,
 And lovers of spring applaud
The coming of nature's pageant—
 Beautiful, brilliant and broad.

A chorus of sweet hosannas,
 In jubilant chords resound,
And the world's heart throbs with triumph
 Mingled with ardor profound.

Sweet messages fraught with visions,
 Of beauty the south wind blows;
Life's course grows illuminated
 With fancy expands and glows.

Each in their manner seems vieing,
 With splendor, lustre and song,
In giving a royal welcome
 To spring and her loyal throng.

Over the hills and the valleys,
 A wave of resplendence heaves
In glad and reflecting currents,
 With the coming of the leaves.

Chimes of Spring.

When winter, so gruff and grizzly,
 Relents and begins to pout,
Quaint Nature unlocks Spring's portals,
 And coaxes the flowers out.

From beauteous nooks and crannies,
 Sweet harmonies swell and ring;
The universe tunes its laughter
 To the happy chimes of Spring.

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The Coming of the Flowers.

New ships of hope sail merrily,
Over the billows of life's sea;
Spring days impart sublimity
To gardens, fields, and bowers.
Gay robins warble happy lays
Along the lanes and graveled ways;
And everywhere glad voices praise
The coming of the flowers.

The tender buds are bursting wide,
Rills, lakes, and rivers are untied;
Spring comes forth, like a blushing bride,
Glowing with expectation.
Pear, apple, peach, and cheery blooms,
Laden the air with sweet perfumes;
Nature is weaving upon her looms
Tokens of consolation.

The sky unfolds a cheerful sheen,
That scintillates among the green,
Where blossoms hide and blush unseen,
Serene, sublime, and tender.
Joy springs to life among the leaves,
To wall and fence new ivy cleaves,
Fresh honeysuckle climbs and weaves
A canopy of splendor.

Gray ghosts of winter are subdued,
Bright sunbeams frolic in the wood,
Waking the gloomy solitude
Where beauty has been sleeping.
Trees, shrubs, and bushes softly spread
A polished mantle, green and red,
Above the paths gay feet will tread,
While violets are peeping.

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The Revival of Spring.

Time unfastens the winter doors and hurls the key aside,
And spring comes tripping forth adorned in garments green and pied;
Along the roadsides, in the fields, and by the purling streams,
The mingled sounds of merriment seem sweet as pleasant dreams.
The herd seek in the pastures for the juicy blades of grass,
The robins and the bluebirds to and fro on blithe wings pass;
The fair and tender blossoms fling their fragrance on the air,
And scenes, like opera beauty, clothe the landscape everywhere.

In every nook and by-way on the fresh and verdant wold,
There is a crown of splendor and a footstool bronzed with gold;
Yet not the kind of gold that men are always seeking for,
And ever want all they can grasp and even yearn for more!
But meek and modest dandelions that beckon to the sky,
And shyly nod a welcome to the stranger passing by.
The sky is blue as turquoise and the birds begin to sing,
And southern winds are crooning on the breast of happy spring.

King Frost has buttoned up his coat and wanders far away,
While gay and jaunty virgins seem to chant a parting lay;
The craggy peaks, and fertile plains, the valleys and the woods,
Are heralding the harbingers that wake the solitudes.
The hyacinths and tulips seem to flaunt their comely grace,
The sun ascends his stairway with a calm and cheerful face;
Fair Nature strikes her timbrels and calls up her chevaliers,
And they march along rejoicing with the Master of the years.

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Lines to a Robin.

Sing, sing, sing,
Make the welkin ring;
I love to hear your merry lays,
Cleaving the air on sunny days;
The gardens, meadows and the woods
Are brightened with your blissful moods.
Fain would I know such happiness,
As your exultant songs express.

Trill, trill, trill,
Warble gay and shrill;
A joy seems planted in your breast,
As vivid as a glowing west,
Flushed by a flaming orb, at night,
Flooding the sky with ruddy light.
All through the happy summer time,
Your lays are cheerful and sublime.

Chant, chant, chant,
In your sequestered haunt.
The first approach of vernal days,
Is greeted by your roundelays;
Your cosy nest, walled up with clay,
In a small niche is tucked away,
Four cunning eggs so quaint and blue,
Methinks impart fresh songs to you.

Sing, sing, sing,
Joyful tidings bring.
Dreary, indeed, the world would be
Without your notes of ecstacy,
Your glossy breast, so plump and fair,
Seems not to hold one grain of care.
If all that tread the paths of earth,
But knew the secret of your mirth!

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When the Flowers Come Again.

One by one the days are passing,
And the fitful gusts go by,
Whilst the clouds hang stern and sullen
'Neath a cold, impassioned sky.
I can see the changing shadows
As they move across the plain,
And methinks I trace an answer
When the flowers come again.

And the beauty now in bondage,
Midst a cold, imprisoned bed,
Will come forth in royal purple
To be entertained and wed.
When the fretful winds are tempered
Into fair and warmer days,
Life will cast aside its languor
And unite in hymns of praise.

Do the joys of youthful passion
Cast a fancy o'er the mind
Of the gala scenes that mingle
Into rapture unconfined?
How the heart will swell with gladness
As it quaffs each charming strain.
Eyes will beautify and brighten
When the flowers come again.

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Sol's Sheen.

Across the fields it lightly strays;
Upon the lap of ocean plays;
Among the trees, of emerald green,
Its cheerful halo reigns serene.
Above the earth it rules the day,
And scatters many clouds away.
Near every path it falls around,
And softly strokes each silent mound.

It plants a kiss with kingly grace,
Whene'er it greets an upturned face.
About the gloom it wreaths a smile,
And lingers in a friendly style.
It wipes away the tears of heaven;
Alike, with it, all things are even.
Within a royal realm, for aye,
It kindly lightens every way.

'Tis loyal, ever tried and true;
Likewise a fervent friend to you.
Adown the halls, upon the floors,
Athrough the windows, open doors,
It gayly gleams and flits about,
Among the corners, in and out.
All this it does and even more:
A soothing balm for every sore.

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Love Lights the Universe.

Love lights the universe with hope,
And soothes the wounds of care;
No path so dark, but love will grope
Through the shadows of despair.

In palaces, and dingy huts,
Love seeks some heart to cheer,
And even in strife's deepest ruts,
Bright rays of love appear.

Life's vexed conditions are made mild
By love's ennobling art;
And pining hearts grow reconciled,
To fate's pathetic part.

Unto the world's extremest end,
Where age and trouble meet,
The loyal charms of love extend
And Time's harsh frowns defeat.

The course of love runs wide and strong,
Through channels rough and drear,
And fills the universe with song,
Re-echoes sweet and clear.

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Ways of the World,

There are times when the heart is lonesome,
And hope with despair alloyed,
And sunniest scenes turn sombre,
And the world grows cold and void.

Then, too, there are times when gladness,
The gloomiest mood beguiles,
And the mind is brimmed with rapture,
And the face is wreathed in smiles

A path always bright and pleasant,
A sky ever calm and clear,
I fancy would soon seem irksome,
And wearisome be and drear.

So live each day independent,
And banish the rising fears,
A laugh when the heart feels lonesome,
Is better than sighs or tears.

The world is deaf to your pleadings,
Nor feels your sorrows and pains,
But a friend to joy and good fortune
And eager to share your gains.

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Destiny.

Life is a loom with which Time weaves
A drapery of quaint designs,
From strands of purple, green and red,
Made out of fibres frail as thread,
Found strewn along the paths all tread
In transit through Fate's brief confines.

The fibres are the hours and years,
Inserted with vicissitudes
Experienced, from day to day,
While roaming in the world's highway!
For which the heart a toll must pay,
With aches and sighs and pleasant moods.

The brilliant and assorted forms
Of colors, so intensely bright—
When youth in love and joy holds sway!
Time wearies of and dyes a gray,
Then throws the raveled parts away
In silent corners out of sight.

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Gleanings from Nature's Harvest Field.

Woods and waters and songs of birds strike mystic strings on the magic harp of life.

* * *

A lusty bite of a gamey fish leads the mind through invisible ways to a jeweled throne of enchanted views.

* * *

A mossy path or fern-fringed pool polish the rustling links of business vicissitudes.

* * *

There seems to be a nameless charm in Nature's every mood, which imparts a thrill of peaceful emotion and creates a yearning in the human breast to fathom and explore.

* * *

Most mortals envy the sunny joy of Nature and treat her smiles with frowns.

* * *

A buoyant note of the strutting quail opens a magic element of the sportsman's joy.

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Another Day Has Flown.

Another day has flown and twilight closes
The restive lips of care;
Each sound of din and turmoil now reposes,
In lodges of the air.

A soothing hush comes creeping softly after
The last long sob of day,
Lost in the shadows like tones of distant laughter,
Break and then drift away.

My mind goes roaming through quaint vaults of heaven,
In search of visions there
That seem to wander in calm paths at even
To realms I fain would share.

The solemn stillness of night's peaceful hours
Speaks of some holy will,
Descending, balm-like, from celestial towers,
That bids the world be still.

Then a mute meekness, as of deep contrition,
Like sheltering arms, embrace
All things that humbly bow in sweet submission
To God's impartial grace.

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Pastoral Pleasures.

In springtime where blossoms bespangled the brookside,
And mirth in the thickets ran high,
I carelessly wandered as merry as robins
When teaching grown fledglings to fly.
The green, bushy woodland held charms so bewitching!
And fanciful visions of glee
Danced quaintly before me in rainbows of beauty,
As airy as wings of a bee.

Tall beeches swung over the brook in the pasture,
And wild grapevines twisted and wound.
In curious shapes, 'round the trunks and long branches,
Threw wavering shadows around.
The grapevine to me was a source of amusement,
Untiring as waves of the sea,
And often I swung in a long loop suspended
From boughs of the tallest beech tree.

How well I remember the pool by the cedars,
With driftwood and water-soaked logs—
Strewn about and my hopes towered high while I waded,
And hunted for turtles and frogs.
Oft still as a mouse I would creep near the water,
And peer in a trance of delight,
Unseen as I thought, through the curtain of brambles,
I fancied concealed me from sight.

But quick as a flash I was often discovered,
Then, with a wild plunge and a splash
The turtles and frogs like shooting stars vanished,
While I through the brambles would dash.
The old, stumpy pasture was brimming with pleasure,
And many a frolicsome time,
I had in my rambles through bowers and thickets,
When nature was dressed in quaint prime.

How often I yearn for the coarse pasture pleasures,
I wooed with contentment and zest,
And sigh for the moments reflected bright glory
Among happy scenes I loved best.
Fond pleasures of childhood in memory linger,
To brighten dark shadows increase
While age rushes on to the end of time's journey,
Then camps in a chamber of peace.

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SCENES OF SUMMER DAYS

A quaint panorama of Nature is painted
In colors of crimson, blue, purple and green;
Bright borders of amber embellish the landscape,
And emerald ribbons are woven between.
A jubilant chorus lends tone to the splendor,
The cattle dream under the shadowy trees,
The silvery brooks sing a ballad of welcome
And calmly bestow a glad message of ease.

The moorlands are bristling with canebrakes and rushes,
And look like stern soldiers arrayed for a fight;
The red and white blossoms of buckwheat and clover
Are scenting the ether with dreams of delight;
The daisies and buttercups bloom in the pastures,
Gay robins and bobolinks carol sweet lays,
The thrushes and catbirds and pretty-hued linnets
Make merry throughout the sublime summer days.
The notes of the whip-poor-will ring in the evening,
And fireflies oft glisten and brighten the gloam;
Soft shadows descend like a theater curtain.
The drama is over; the people go home.
Yet soon will the beauty of summer be withered;
The voices of nature be lonely and still;
The fields will turn gray, like an old frowsy garment,
And winter will bury each meadow and hill.

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The Crickets in the Grass.

When the din of day is ended,
 And the birds have ceased to sing,
And the twilight shades are blended
 Like the plumage of a wing!

Tuneful medleys ring and quaver
 Through the still, celestial rooms,
And the dew-kissed grasses waver,
 Like a massive wreath of plumes.

And beneath a sable border,
 Stretched across Night's sombre pass,
Vigils come and call to order
 All the crickets in the grass.

Then the blithe and merry crickets
 Cheer the drowsy hours of night;
And the moonbeams bathe the thickets,
 With increasing floods of light.

All night long they gayly chatter,
 First in chorus, then alone;
While sweet elfs of roses scatter
 On the breezes every tone.

In the still and peaceful valley,
 Overarched with burnished spears,
Happy crickets chirp and sally
 Till the light of morn appears.

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By the Pasture Bars.

I stood at the bars at evening,
 And I watched the crimson west;
While the shadows, gray and mottled,
 Trailed over the mountain's crest.

I beheld the sunset flashes,
 As they slowly changed and died;
And the landscape faded from me,
 Into darkness stretching wide.

I heard, in the mellow distance,
 The note of a vesper bird;
And the noise of drowsy tinkling
 Arose from the grazing herd.

In the zephyrs softly floated
 The sobs of the restless sea.
And my young heart drank, in silence,
 All the sounds that came to me.

And the katydids in chorus,
 Piped their evening roundelay.
While my spirit flushed and ardent,
 Seemed to rise and soar away.

O'er the hills the moon rose blushing,
 And began to climb the sky;
While the hazy valleys glimmered,
 While the phantoms rustled by.

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'Midst Merry Midsummer Days.

The spirit of mortals, in midsummer days—
Seems yearning to visit with svlvan fays!
 In pleasure to mingle in greenwood haunts,
 And stay where cool shadows by deep pools dance
In merriest mazes on tinseled screens,
Painted by nature with choices of scenes,—
 Casting a cheerful and comforting spell,
 Like the peal of a distant twilight bell.

The breath of bushes and low lisping limbs,
Or whispering water by moss-etched rims,
 Seem to awaken the happier life,
 And calm the perplexity caused by strife.
Under the arms of a billowy tree
Visions of fancy drift tuneful and free—
 Down mythical streams, where water nymphs play
 Invisible harps while the spirit away.

In evergreen gorges and shady dells,
Nature a story of matchless joy tells—
 Of midsummer's glory, sublime and mild,
 Waving in meadows where May blossoms smiled—
On the murmuring brook salutes and smiles
To the prattling shadows in dense wooded wilds,
 As it purls and loiters in ways serene,
 And sallies past many a sun-bronzed scene,
Where tanglesome awnings half hide the sky,
Teasing the ripples where gay visions ply—
 Over the dappled plots stippled with green
 And golden tinsel of midsummer's sheen.

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'Midst Merry Midsummer Days
Continued

Where water-elves frolic and braid their locks,
Flashing like gems among pebbles and rocks,
 There is the place to be during hot days,
 Wrapped in the splendor of midsummer's ways.
On musical waves, like beheld in dreams,
Echos sport lightly and leap across streams,
 And idly meander through cosy, cool rooms—
 Which fairies seem sweeping with silken brooms.
While chatting and planning a serenade,
On midsummer's nights 'midst the greenwood
 shade.

Where the boughs seem nodding as if asleep,
Wood nymphs in rustling robes quietly peep
 Out of their hiding place, oddly concealed,
 And whisper sweet secrets of mirth revealed!
Like the soulful notes of the whip-poor-will
Who trills in his tower when all is still,
 Coyly concealed by a mantle unseen,—
 Save by the moon and the lingering sheen
Of the sun as he sinks, exhausted, to rest,
And latches his lodge with a flaming crest.

Birds bear a message of glory and weal,—
The soul loves to read to rapture—sprites steal
 Through towers of beauty and caves of bliss,
 Capture the heart like a sweet heart's first kiss.
A charm of enjoyment reigns in the air,
While nature reclines in her harvest chair,
 And views with contentment and modest ways,
 The grandeur and graces of midsummer's days.

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The Wildwoods in June.

Arrayed in grand garb quite bewitching
 Smiles June, like the bride of a day,
While visions of paths seem persuading,
 The spirit to wander away.

Quaint musical echoes roam idly
 Among woven chambers, and seem
To mingle in magical grottos,
 On banks of a chattering stream.

In broad, breezy temples of nature,
 The soul to calm passion is stirred
By voices lisp tones of enchantment,
 Through aisles softly blended and blurred.

A silence creeps over the ripples
 Of merriment breaking anew,
Entwining the peaceful surroundings
 With beauty adds joy to each view.

When summer is wooing the wildwood,
 Glad thoughts wander restful and free
Through mazes of exquisite shadows,
 Trail under each whispering tree.

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Spare the Song-Birds.

How sweet are the notes of the pretty birds,
That herald the dawn of light,
While the sun breaks over the garnished hills
And scatters the gloom of night!

How vapid and lonesome the world would be,
If the song-birds were no more!
The woodlands, the gardens and floral fields
Would seem like a dismal shore.

When the buds, in the spring, expand and burst,
And pasture are fresh and green,
It is then the songs of our feathered friends
Lend tone to a winsome scene.

When the shroud of winter enrobes the earth,
While orchards and groves look drear,
We verily miss the joy of the birds
Whose carols conduce to cheer.

No melody equals a warbler's song,
That echoes and floats away,
While the sun descends hesperian walls
And latches the door of day.

When they come in the springtime and renew
The pleasure of pleasant days,
We welcome them back to the leafy haunts
That ring with their gladsome lays.

Let the song-birds live and carol sweet lays!
They brighten and cheer life's hours,
And sweeten the world with their brilliant hues,
As much as the fragrant flowers.

Be never so rude as to maim or slay
Those symbols of loyal worth,
But ever encourage, and fain increase
The beauty that decks the earth.

The verdure and blossoms that spangle the soil
Would be less comely, I ween,
If the rapturous song-birds were no more
To mingle among the green.

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The Green Mossy Heather.

I remember the green mossy heather,
 Its paths with low limbs overspread,
Where the brook and the birds sang together,
 Where blossoms grew purple and red.
How often in yore I have listened
 To sounds which arose on the air,
And admired the beauty that glistened
 When morning dawned tranquil and clear.

The brook formed a pool by the willows,
 And often I used to go there
And sail a toy boat, or make billows,
 Or try to catch fish with a snare.
It was truly a pleasure unending,
 To roam through each cranny and nook,
Or sit on the rustic bridge, bending,
 And dangle my feet in the brook.

I remember sweet joys of the heather,
 My strolls I had over the hill,
Where the rill and the brook flowed together
 And plunged through the sluice to the mill.
The brook and the birds have ceased singing,
 The old rustic bridge has decayed;
Yet fresh in my memory is clinging
 Fond scenes which the old heather made.

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Piscatory Bliss.

There is pride and exultation,
Fraught with gay anticipation,
And delightful recreation,
Brimmed with happy consolation—

In the months of May and June,
When the bullfrogs are in tune;
And the butterflies and bees
Flit among the floral seas.

Lo! a fishing rod and reel
And a baited hook and line,
When the fish are biting fine,
Lends a charm of bliss and zeal.

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Vernal Rapture.

The birds in the maples are chanting anew,
Their lays of affection and mirth;
And mists of the mountains have softened the view,
And beauty spreads over the earth.
The vines and the branches are weaving again
Bright festoons of garnet and green;
And halos of splendor encircle the plain
Where water and sunbeams careen.

A smile of contentment seems wooing all things
Inhabit the air and the soil;
The universe echoes with laughter, which clings
About us like some magic coil;
All hail to the light that descends from the sun
The joy that conduces to peace!
As hope has returned, and its coming has won
Fond tributes that glow and increase.

The winds have relented and sorrow no more;
The heart of the world now expands;
And waves have grown calm as they fondle the shore,
And coo to the glimering sands.
Awake and arise and rejoice with the throng!
Are voices that come from above,
And mingle with rapture of beauty and song
Which flows from the fountain of love.

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Sylvan Nooks, and Chattering Brooks.

In the deep recesses of the woods,
 Walled in by ledges, draped with vines
That lend a charm to the solitudes,
 Beauty and Peace lies brooding there;
 And, kneeling beside cool sylvan shrines,
 Nymphs are braiding long locks of hair.

And sounds arise like a sudden swell
 Of music, then softly drift away;
While knights, in emerald coats, expel
 Bold intruders that come and go
 Swiftly and silently through the day,
 Even as still as falling snow.

The brooks flow merrily all the while,
 Over the rocks and gleaming stones,
And near the edges violets smile
 Like roguish glances of a maid;
 And the low and mellow monotones
 Seem gently wooing the sylvan shade.

The mossy aisles and the tangled lanes
 Are freshly sprinkled with sweet colognes;
The philomels hide in lone domains,
 Chanting anon their tuneful lays.
 Nature is fraught with merrisome tones,
 That brighten and gladden the summer days.

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The Power of Flowers.

The power of flowers ennoble the dead,
And comfort the living with language of love;
They speak to the spirit of mortals who tread
In trails through the desert to heights far above.

Many a heart has been cheered by a flower!
Whose glow of contentment appeals to the gaze;
Their smile of attraction, in garden and bower,
Seem words full of pure, tender meanings and ways.

They bloom by the roadside the traveler to cheer,
And blush with coy beauty in byways and nooks,
A keepsake of love that the memory holds dear,
Long years kept in trust within bureaus and books.

The fields would lose half of their splendor and mirth,
Wild woods seem cheerless with no pretty flowers,
When sunny spring comes and unlocks the cold earth
They quickly respond and renew happy hours.

Along darksome borders that human hearts stroll,
With gloom and misfortune through time's wondrous gate,
Love speaks through the flowers and gladdens the soul,
Drinks deep of sweet fragrance bright blossoms create.

Afar on the ocean's impulsive wild breast
The power of flowers to cheerful views leads;
Their soft tones and blushes, in beauty expressed,
Infuse into children chaste views and good deeds.

The cradle and casket—a cranny of mirth
And closet of woe—revert to the power,
Expressed in most beautiful thoughts of the earth,
That dwells amid innocent depths of a flower.

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A Summer Song.

Emerald shadows dapple the meadows,
A silence reigns in the wood,
The river sallies through the verdant valleys,
And nature begins to brood
'Mong beauteous scenes, where elfs and sirens
Are courting the solitude.

Fields turn yellow as the days grow mellow,
And the landscape is now spread
With a glimmer bright, like a film of white,
Which lifts when the day has sped;
And tones of the breeze play in the trees,
When darkness comes overhead.

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A Quiet Country Spot.

There seems to be a longing creeps in the heart,
as the days grow hot,
To leave the city and seek the shade of a quiet
country spot;
Where water is purling in breezy tones, and the
thrush and catbirds trill
In soulful merriment all day long by the side of
a babbling rill.

Bright visions of pleasure 'midst rural scenes and
paths winding through deep woods,
Lead many a thought on a fancy trip to the
country's cool solitudes
When din and friction and business broil and
rattle of city ways
Grow tiresome and rough as a rocky road up a
hill in the early days.

A needful supply in the angler's line and a bas-
ket filled with food,
A mossy mound by a saucy stream in a shadowy
solitude—
Is just the pleasure and quite the place on a siz-
zling summer day,
To calmly enjoy a commercial lull in a quiet
country way.

There is 'balm in the beauty of harvest scenes,
and tonic in woodland sounds,
Seems soothing and healing the peevish moods of
life and its care-crossed mounds.
You never can tell by the looks of a pool how
many fish are there,
Nor judge of the joy among greenwood wilds
by the light of the city's glare.

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In Nature's Pacific Domain.

A quietness reigns in the wildwood,
When summer is wearing her best,
That flavors of wholesome enjoyment
As quaint as an oriole's breast.

Sweet voices of whispering verdure
Impart a fresh lustre to life,
And mystic hands reach out and mildly
Unloosen harsh shackles of strife.

A day in the pleasant apartments,
Of nature's pacific domain,
Impresses the heart with bright visions,
And lightens life's rigorous strain.

In quiet dominions of autumn,
A calmness comes over the mind;
The spirit seems wooed by enchantment,
Away from forced scenes of mankind.

Digitized by Google



The Joys of June.

O June! fairest days of all the year,
With smiling fields and rippling streams,
Bestow a gift of peaceful dreams.
Then summer skies are calm and clear
And earth is rich in joys untold.
Bright hope arises with the sun.
Each bud and blossom adds to bliss
A bounty fraught with happiness,
Which lingers till the day is done
And nightfall's silver sheens unfold.

Now nature lavishes full share,
And gala pastimes reign supreme,
While love and beauty grandly seem
To blend together all that's fair
In one vast grand and pleasing boon.
The cool, refreshing shadows lay,
And gentle breezes stir the leaves,
Where boundless pleasure oft conceives
And melodies ring out all day
Amid the charming scenes of June.

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Greenwood Wilds.

Come with me by the greenwood tree,
 Abounding with songs of mirth;
And note with care how scenes compare—
 With customs embroil the earth.
Where branches stoop and form a group
 Of beauty, by moss-fringed stream,
No wrangling tones or troublous moans,
 Of worldly disorder teem.

You will confess true happiness,
 Is fancied by restless hearts!
And peace a dream and hope a theme
 Of witches among the marts.
Why should the world be churned and whirled,
 In currents of rough unrest?
When life could seem a pleasant dream,
 And love a devoted guest.

Examples taught by nature ought
 To each mankind to be
Less vain and rude and more imbued
 With views of sublimity.
Come with me where the greenwood tree,
 Is brimming with prime delight,
And feel the charms of glad alarms—
 Then judge if man's course is right.

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Sunbeams.

Sunbeams lightly skip and play
Over the way, over the way.
Wherever I look I can behold
A garment of green, a ribbon of gold,
Blending together a happy hue,
Under the blue, under the blue.

Come with me while the day is young,
When birds give tongue, when birds give tongue
To joyous carols loud and clear,
While sunbeams break upon the mere,
And shower the flowers fresh and sweet,
While dewbows meet—while dewbows meet.

Sunbeams often fade away
During the day—during the day.
And hide away for a little while,
Then reappear with a brighter smile;
But what of that so long as we
Are fancy free, are fancy free.

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The Rod and Gun.

Huge is the fun
That rod and gun,
Grants to a jolly mind;
When woods and streams,
Seem like fond dreams
Of rapture unconfined.

In balmy lanes,
The sweet refrains
Breathe blessings fresh and fond,
And ferns and flowers,
Make glad the hours
Swift-passing far beyond.

Beside a pool
The shadows, cool,
Fan troublous thoughts away;
And hope has wings,
Like living things,
Too grand to last for aye.

No throne of earth
Bestows such mirth,
As gun and rod affords;
They seem divined
To thrill the mind,
With joy too deep for words.

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'Midst Greenwood Scenes.

'Midst greenwood scenes is the place to stray,
During the days that are hot and dry,
When ways of the world seem quite awry!
And life seems listless and pines away.

Hither and thither across the brim,
Of a pond or lake, who loves to drift,
'Midst lilies where greenwood giants lift
And fling cool shadows along the rim?

Released from bustle and harsh alarms,
'Midst haunts of the bass and pickerel;
You can, at pleasure loll and revel
In peaceful solace and sylvan charms.

By a babbling rill who loves to stroll,
And listen to the wavering tones
Of water among the crags and stones?
It thrills and lightens the heart and soul.

Of all the gladness this world contains,
None can compare with the ecstacy,
In paths and pools 'midst the greenwood tree;
Beginning with beauty and sweet refrains.

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In Muffled and Woodland Solitude.

Amidst mild, muffled woodland solitudes,
While harps of peace are tuned to soothing strains,
Belated visions cast entrancing moods
And silence lulls vague thought in grand domains.

The absence of discordant sounds convey
A charm of beauty, lends enchanted rest,
When green-plumed sprites seem spiriting away,
Those cankered cares confuse the human breast.

There seems a wondrous current, quaint and strong,
Sublimely flowing through the balmly woods,
Which bears the mind invisibly along
Peculiar paths of sylvan habitudes.

The soulful outburst of a woodbird's lay,
Creates a spell of magic, oddly woos
A wounded heart beyond life's battling way,
To bask beside bright fountains of the muse.

Where cooling breezes rock the leaves to sleep,
Care seems to dream upon a wood nymph's breast;
Like as a faithful shepherd guards his sheep,
The listening woods inspire hope and rest.

When Summer's beaming face is tanned and hot,
And life seems drifting biasly along,
There is no haunt like some cool wooded spot,
To catch the notes of Nature's merry song.

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In Muffled and Woodland Solitude.

Continued

While cheery echoes wander through the shade,
And rise and fall like voices of the sea.
At sunset's hush, the soul seems quaintly swayed,
Or wrapped in some impressive harmony.

The swinging shadows lift the mind aloof
With mazy fleetness while the heart forgets
Its yoke of culture worn beneath a roof,
Where life hoards up dead sorrows and regrets.

Rough ways of commerce soon grow commonplace,
When tread uphill through loathsome ways of strife;
And but for Nature's calm and hallowed grace,
To check man's stumbling course, what would be life?

Among the wooded wilds there seems to dwell,
A gracious spirit wields a peaceful wand
And stems the waves of discord roll and swell,
In broken currents to the deep beyond.

There is no song as sweet as Nature sings,
Nor grand composer able to surpass
The sweetness of her tunes and breezy flings
Of music played upon the leaves and grass.

Those tender offerings of love and mirth
Imparted through a channel most divine,
Proud mortals lightly value their true worth,
Or seek to save the key of Nature's shrine.

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Midsummer Musings.

The quail are gayly whistling in the bushy
meadow land,
Among cool shadows, in the rill, the cattle knee
deep stand
And dream in drowsy fancy through the middle
of the day,
As if entranced with music airy minstrels softly
play.

In mazy flight the bobolink, in journeys swift
and slow,
Is flitting merrily about in fields where daisies
grow,
Or swings upon a slender twig and trills a
harvest lay,
As if to call attention to the Summer's grand
display.

The tangled undergrowth shuts out the sun's
intrusive beams,
The thrush and catbird hide away and chat on
pleasant themes.

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Midsummer Musings.

Continued

Along the fern-fringed edges courted by the water's lips
Cool branches idly tetar in the breeze like drifting ships;

Mirth lends a charm of comfort casts a spell of mild repose,
In tuneful woodland chambers radiant with mellow glows,
Where ripples lisp and murmur over bars of gleaming sand,
Reflect the rustic splendor Nature carves with master hand!

There life, when teased with trouble, soars in visionary flight,
And rests awhile in realms brim the heart with fresh delight.
A roam through Nature's precincts, in pusuit of trout and bass,
Is fraught with charms of grandeur fashion's joys cannot surpass;
The skirts of beauty rustle and quaint harvest whisperings
Seem hinting of the glory Summer's triumph calmly brings.

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O Pretty Rose!

O pretty rose! entrancing bloom!
 Deep in thy petals shaped so fair,
There is a well of rich perfume
 Which unseen hands fling on the air.
It is in beauty, love and grace;
 You, queen of splendor, rank supreme!
And it is on youth's ruddy face,
 You visit for awhile to dream?
Upon a slender, stem behold,
 Those lance-like points that's held in fear;
Must they be there thus sharp and bold,
 Sweet rose, to make you seem so dear?
 Rocked in the breezes, passing by,
 You soon shall spend your life and die.

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An Autumn Day.

It is a hazy Autumn day,
 The woods and fields seem wrapped in thought;
Only the notes of crow and jay
 Break the stillness Fate has wrought.

A languid silence chills the air,
 Save when a gust, on mischief bent,
Raves and sallies with mock despair
 Throungh tattered rifts in Autumn's tent.

A gray house in the soft haze gleams,
 Lending enchantment to the scene;
Far away on a hillside dreams
 A worn-out steed 'midst grass still green.

A muffled sound—like weary waves
 Calmly lapping a ruined pier—
Lingers among the bleaching graves
 Of perished grandeur of the year.

Here and there stands a blighted tree,
 A grim reminder of bright days
When Nature's voice of ecstacy
 Wooed us on through pleasant ways.

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An Autum Day.

Continued.

Through russet tufts of tangled grass
 The sunbeams wander and explore,
As if in search of scenes, but pass
 In shadows and are seen no more.

A flock of birds on winding wing
 Soon sweep and fade beyond the gaze,
Leaving a vacant nest to swing
 On mirthless boughs through wintry days.

Alas, too soon; too soon, alas!
 Youth and beauty of Nature fade;
Time's gifts of glory curve and pass
 From sunshine into cheerless shade.

Dawn and Dusk.

Morning breaks dark barriers through,
 And floods the earth with light;
While joy spring forth, released anew
 From shackles of the night.

Evening comes, and with coy fingers
 Weaves a sable spread;
In the west a halo lingers,
 Lighting earth to bed.

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A Fall Day.

A sullen mist is hanging low,
 Athwart the earth's dejected face,
And all the light of afterglow
 Alas; has fled through boundless space.

The visions which were bright are sear,
 E'en merriment has ceased its voice.
'Mong all this sadness now appear
 No cheerful sounds, none to rejoice.

The summer flowers now are dead,
 And dying leaves fall to the ground.
No more is heard the joyous tread
 Of happy children playing 'round.

'Tis thus in life's allotted share,
 Some sorrow is its destined fate;
All days cannot be bright and fair,
 Or hearts be ever free from weight.

There is no day, however drear,
 But what may come some cheery rays.
The sunny gleams, which disappear,
 Will come and brighten other days.

Digitized by Google



Robin's Last Lay.

The sun was just setting,
The wind had ceased fretting,
And noises of evening grown still!
While dark shadows lengthened,
And speedily strengthened,
Like goblins portending some ill.

I watched the pale changes
Sweep over the ranges,
And blend into softer designs;
The distance grew dimmer!
I saw the last glimmer
Of twilight stand out in faint lines.

Cock Robin trilled loudly,
Perched on a limb proudly,
As if he were saying adieu
To trees that had faded,
But once gayly shaded
His haunts when the summer was new.

Digitized by Google



Fishing Days.

When the brooks are lined with blossoms,
 And the trees are clad in green,
It is then the angler's visage
 Wears an over-anxious mien.

And among the sylvan arbors,
 Where the pools are clear and deep,
The cool shadows of the greenwood
 On the purling ripples sleep.

And the thrushes and the catbirds
 Break the drowsy quietudes
And the treetoads and the locusts
 Serenade the dappled woods.

Then the angler has bright fancies,
 While the fish begin to bite,
And the spell of still surroundings
 Seem to lend a calm delight.

Then the thoughts take a vacation
 From the city's strife and din.
While the brooks are lined with blossoms,
 And the fishing days begin.

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Harvest Days.

The thrush is singing in the bush,
 The welkin teems with noise;
The wheat and oats are being shocked,
And hay is likewise being cocked,
 By sturdy men and boys.

Now falls the grass and golden grain
 Before the reaper's blade;
The landscape wears a hazy hue,
The hawk soars high up in the blue,
 The cattle seek the shade.

The yellow-breasted meadow-lark
 Is trilling here and there,
On stump, or bush, or tuft of hay,
Safely out of the mower's way,
 Clinking a dulcet air.

Alike the sea rocked by a breeze,
 The corn waves to and fro;
The fireflies on every side
Are flirting about at eventide,
 While whip-poor-wills sing low.

Digitized by Google



The Wily Trout.

The woods were cooling and pleasant,
And all seemed quaint and still,
Save lays of the woodland minstrels
Beside the babbling rill,
Rushing past vine-covered ledges
And over rocks and stones,
Full of narrow and jagged crannies,
Imparting drowsy tones.

A beautiful spot for fishing!
Teeming with splendid fish;
The sound of the rippling water,
Gave gusto to each wish.
I found a shadowy bower,
That filled me with delight,
And fished for the "speckled beauties,"
But didn't get a bite.

I angled and sought to tempt them,
Still they disdained the hook;
At last I conceived a process—
This is the course I took:
I doffed my gaiters and stockings,
And waded in the rill
Where the water was clear and shallow,
And tried my scheme and skill.

It was a curious method
For catching fish, no doubt,
Yet I had the satisfaction
Of pulling out those trout.
I used my fingers for fish hooks,
And slyly peered about
Beneath the rocks and the niches,
And caught the wily trout.

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The River.

Do I view the silent river
 Winding on in tranquil flow,
Shadows skimming o'er its surface,
 Sunbeams flitting to and fro.

Giving freshness to the flowers
Blooming sweetly by the brink,
Courting beauty mid the bowers
 Where the joyous songsters drink.

Softly soughing by the ledges
 Where the swallows build their nest,
Whispering to the reeds and rushes
 That it lullabies to rest.

Bending by the weeping willow
 That in melancholy mien
Seems to cast a scene of sadness
 Over deeds that may have been.

Bearing on an endless mission,
 To the turning far below,
Where it meets the brook in waiting,
 Leaping like a frightened doe.

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The River.

Continued

Sighing like some sorrowed spirit
 Fain would woo a treasure dear,
'Ere it rushes through the shallows,
 Loth to leave the wooden pier.

Where the bridge doth cast a shadow,
 Cool and calm by winds caressed,
There the fishes love to linger,
 And the angler hie in quest.

All day long it courses onward,
 With a patience meek and mild,
Like a mother, ne'er complaining,
 Seeks to soothe a restless child.

Like a life of pensive passion
 Does the river flow along,
Till it greets the restless ocean
 With its sad and silent song.

Digitized by Google



Sear Scenes of Autumn.

Red and yellow leaves are falling,
All day long the jays are calling,
Woods have lost their old-time glory;
Lo! the fields are brown and hoary.

Fitful gusts the dry leaves scatter,
Brooks have ceased to purl and chatter,
Trees no more are fraught with gladness;
Earth now wears a look of sadness.

Flowers are all crushed and jaded,
Vines are hanging limp and faded;
Old King Frost has caused distraction;
Joyful sounds have lost all action.

Wreaths of mist float like a feather
Over table-land and heather,
Russet colors dye the stubble;
Crows seem telling some dire trouble.

While I gaze afar in wonder,
On the beauty rent asunder,
All things of the earth comparing—
Thus methinks each soul is faring.

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The Belated Bird.

Tell me, robin, of the sadness
 Deeply buried in your breast.
Is there not for you some gladness
 Even though you feel oppressed?
Change your plaintive note of anguish
 For a better one more gay;
Though belated do not languish,
 Trill once more a happy lay.

Grieve not now o'er Summer's splendor,
 Which the Autumn winds destroy,
For the flowers—e'er so tender—
 Will renew bright dreams of joy.
Soar above the somber shadows;
 Reckoning the cost of Time;
And in the Spring the hills and meadows
 Shall again become sublime.

'Mid the beauty—rich and royal,
 Painted like some fairy scene,
Can you not, yet gay and loyal,
 Gather tokens of the green?
True! a film confounds the vision,
 But withal there still remain—
Hopes that bring a fresh decision,
 Which will cheer you on again.

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The Belated Bird.

Continued

Ah! the little nest you cherished,
 Has been shattered by the gale;
And the hopes you had have perished,
 Like the verdure in the vale.
Tell me, robin, why so lonely!
 Have your friends, too, flown away?
Or is it for pleasure only
 You are pining o'er to-day?

All about you leaves are falling,
 Symbols of a ruined past.
And the bough, from whence you're calling,
 Wavers wildly in the blast.
Lo! the Golden Rod and Aster
 Are triumphant to the end;
Thus your sorrow strive to master,
 Fare thee well, my feathered friend.

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Lingering in the Wood.

While the stars in heaven are watching
 Like a shepherd 'round his flock,
And the world is calmly dreaming,
 In the cradle night doth rock,

Then my thought takes wing and visits;
 Old familiar scenes of yore
Seem to come in trailing visions,
 That regale my heart once more.

I behold a boy barefooted,
 Roaming through the crooning wood,
Drinking deep of joy in silence
 Where big trees in darkness stood.

How he wondered at strange noises
 As they softly rose and broke;
Could they be, he thought, a language
 All things of the wildwood spoke.

He would listen where deep shadows
Stretched in solemn solitude,
Thrilled with dreamy views of boyhood
 By sweet voices cheered the wood.

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Lingering In the Wood.

Continued.

While his flushed and longing nature
 Leaped to catch each muffled tone
That seemed speaking to his spirit,
 As he roamed the wood alone.

A mild lay of some lone song-bird
 Made the sylvan stillness ring,
And his heart leap with the echoes,
 Lulled in sounds grew silencing.

All the force of those wood-voices
 Swept like music 'round his ears,
Linger like a mystic message,
 Trail across the vanished years.

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When Autumn Comes.

Summer's beauty soon will fade,
Trees discard their winsome shade,
Verdant fields be soon arrayed
In robes of red, in garbs of gray.
Then the days seem sad and drear,
Then the warblers disappear;
Then the leaves turn brown and sear,
Then the flowers pine away.

Gayly waves the golden rod,
Like a sentry of the sod.
Russet spectres frown and nod,
While the winds bemoan and blow.
Splendor which was once so fair,
Falls before the frosty air.
Earth seems wrapped in fell despair,
Bewailed by the jay and crow.

Joyous haunts where children played,
Pleasant nooks where kind friends strayed,
Are despoiled and disarrayed
By the cold and fitful gales.
Cheerful scenes which were so bright,
Granting pleasure and delight,
Now present a useful sight
Mantling all the hills and vales.

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Chimes of the Chase.

The air is crisp and bracing,
 And mellowed with slumbrous sounds,
Save when the welkin echoes
With music of baying hounds.

Among the tattered thickets,
 A mantle of purplish haze
Hangs like a sombre emblem
 Of Indian summer days.

Over the russet meadows,
 Seem dreaming of days gone by,
The fox and sportsmen sally,
 Like a star drops from the sky.

Along the stony ridges,
 And over the bushy hills,
Down through the brambly gorges,
 Denuded of autumn's frills,

The chase extends unbroken;
 Joy soars on enchanted wings;
Hope of the sport is heightened
 By laughable happenings.

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Chimes of the Chase.

Continued.

Where oft the cattle lingered
To doze in the rill's fringed shade,
While summer skies were broiling,
Reynard artful tact displayed.

The hounds, with puzzled glances,
Seem baffled to solve the ruse
The fox, hard pressed, adopted,
To reckon for future use.

Zeal of the chase subsided,
And hope was abruptly slacked,
As through a rugged gully
The fox to his lair was tracked.

Thus it is with most pleasure!
It smoulders when at its height;
The flame of ardor flickers,
Like a campfire in the night.

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Afternoon in Autumn.

Memories float before my eyes,
Watching the pied leaves fall and rise,
 Under the boughs they once did shield,
 Heaped in hollows of grove and field;
There they fall and together lie,
Worried by gusts that hurry by.

The fair, sweet roses no more cheer
The dusty highway nor the mere;
 Along the brook's scarred walls of green
 No fragrant blossoms blush unseen;
The pretty blooms, oh, where are they?
They seemed so fresh but yesterday.
 Each has withered and quickly died,
 And moldering stalks now scatter wide.

Where are the birds—the happy birds—
Whose ecstacy of songs and words
 Were wont to make the welkin ring?
 Where are they now, they do not sing?
To other climes they now have flown,
Leaving the autumn drear and lone;
 Here and there in a nook or cleft
 I see a tiny nest still left,
Which has withstood the savage gales,
Thrashing the trees with a thousand flails.

All things of life now seem subdued;
No gay sounds break the solitude;
 Far away as the eye can see
 A mauve hue veils each hill and tree,
And haze-rings on the lowlands lie
Where the herd sought shade in days gone by.

The leaves come down at every blast,
Still on the limbs some yet cling fast;
 Thus is the lot of each and all
 Like autumn leaves, to fade and fall,
And mingle on a common bier,
When the day is cold and sad and drear.

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Under the Pines.

Under the pines the red men roved,
While hunting the deer and bear;
And nature wielded a wholesome food,
And furnished warm garb to wear.

Tepees were pitched along the banks
Of the river, deep and wide,
That oft were crossed with birch canoes,
As silent as shadows glide.

Among the pines loud echoes rose
And blent with the river's flow,
While pioneers, in olden times,
Were laying the forests low.

The woodman's ax has spared some trees,
But others were doomed to fall
Like the aged woodmen have been felled,
At the Master's fervent call.

Epochs have swiftly come and gone,
Since the red men prowled at will,
And traces still remain to tell
Of customs and awkward skill.

And in a hundred years to come,
Like a hundred years agone,
Full many changes will take place,
And lights of new eras dawn.

The ax and plow, and sturdy hands
That wielded them with a will
Have made the valleys smooth and green,
And harnessed each rugged hill.

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The Waning Year.

Along the fences where the trees in summer fling
their shade,
Where daisies and sweet briars grow so plentiful and fair,
And bonny thrush and robin warble till the
branches fade,
The golden-rod is blooming now and boughs
are getting bare.
The rills have ceased to murmur and the woodlands have grown still,
Yet now and then a song or shout is heard
upon the down;
Merry huskers heap the corn in many a golden
hill,
As the days grow pale and crispy and the landscape gray and brown.

The rabbits and the chipmunks scamper through
the rustling leaves
That fall and cover up the paths among the
hazel dells;
The pipe of quail and meadow lark anon the stillness cleaves,
And breaks the dreamy solitude of autumn's
listless spells;
The squirrels are busy in the trees of hickory,
oak and beech,
Their fuffy tails distended like a tasselated
plume.
While they gather and store away, beyond the
winter's reach,
A toothsome feast to be enjoyed when earth is
wrapped in gloom.

No mirthful sounds arise and echo as in balmy
days,
When happiness abounded and conduced to
merry moods;
The hunter strolls among the hills and marshes
and byways,
And now and then a loud report re-echoes
through the woods.
Ere long the golden rod, now fresh, will wither
and decay
And mingle with the flowers that in verdant
meadows died!
Beneath a shroud of ermine soon will sleep each
in their way,
And Hope will weep in darkness until brighter
days betide.

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Imprisoned Days.

The woods look thin and tattered,
 The vines hang limp and dead;
The grass and leaves are scattered
 Under a vestal spread.
The sky has changed from shining
 To a cold and sombre hue,
And a dun and dismal lining
 Conceals the sun from view.

The birds have ceased their singing,
 And flown to austral climes;
Still on the shorn boughs clining
 Are tokens of sweet charms.
The nests they once erected,
 In days so calm and fair,
When lucid skies reflected
 Warm lustres everywhere.

The hills are under cover,
 The valleys are asleep,
The streams are crusted over,
 The hours dull vigils keep.
A voice of death has spoken,
 And breathless, on crumbled biers,
Where symbols now lie broken
 And drenched with frozen tears.

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Cold Winds Blow.

Cold winds blow and the sky is blear;
The shrubs and trees look gaunt and drear,
 And days seem sad and lone to me.
No sounds arise to cheer my heart
As in those days calm joys impart,
 When thoughts take wing like birds set free.

At every gust the dead leaves fall,
And mingle with the good of all
 Asleep—at rest in meek repose;
Well worth the days that cheered the mind,
When joy and love reigned unconfined,
 Unfraught with gloom of autumn's woes.

With all the sadness and the pain,
Which visit every nook and plain,
 One joyous sound falls on my ear:
A bird belated in its flight,
Pauses and trills with heart as light
 As when the days were calm and clear.

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A Stormy Day.

The wailing wind and the beating rain
 Make the day seem cold and drear;
And mournful sounds on the window pane
But weary the mind and ear.

The clouds look heavy like weeping eyes
 Grown swollen from tears of woe,
That well from a heart pent up with sighs,
 From which sad tears must flow.

And as I see the rain descend,
 And trickle across the glass,
Methinks of the lives that sadly spend
 Their days as the dull months pass.

The wind and the rain, in solemn tones,
 Seem telling a tale of grief;
And a nude tree near my window moans,
 As if for each fallen leaf.

Thus it seems, alas! that each and all,
 Are clouded with some dark days;
And grievous tears, like the rain, will fall
 And moisten life's hopeful ways!

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A Stormy Day.

Continued

Such is the portion of those who tread,
 Through the path that leads to death;
To every heart is some sorrow wed,
 As long as the soul has breath.

The self-same sound of the wind and rain,
 But spirit my thoughts away,
Where the sun and the sky comes out again
 And brightens the darksome day.

Time and Youth.

O Time, where are the joys you said were mine,
 You once so proudly flaunted in my face?
Have I become a victim of design,
 And of your ruse, instead of promised grace?
You seem to scowl and turn away from me,
 As I beseech to have my fate explained.
The lot that now befalls my destiny
 You taunt me of, and leer like one enchained;
Is it because I pinned my faith too high,
 You seek to rudely hang your scythe on me?
Your hour-glass, so tempting to my eye,
 Alas! has broken and upset my glee;
And in your face I plainly read the truth,
You led me on to lure away my youth.

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Vanished Days.

I gaze away o'er the withering fields,
Once gladdened with a cheerful sky;
And the fitful gusts go clamoring by,
As if searching for the leaves that die,
From a hand dire anguish wields.

In a cranny or some sheltering place,
I see a vine or spray of green
Still clinging in all its beauteous sheen,
Lending a lustre to the scene,
Which must soon fare like its race.

They have quickly fled, those rapturous days,
Like a phantom of youthful dreams!
Through a vista lined with ruddiest gleams,
I wander in thought where pleasure seems
To brighten my outer gaze.

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Gray Hosts of Winter.

Behold! gray hosts of Winter, all arrayed in silver plumes,
With sandalled feet they lightly trip in merry, breezy lines,
And charge across, in silent haste, earth's secret lodging rooms;
Away with worseless step they glide like shadows under pines.

Down they swoop with a charming dash in wild, enchanted glee,
Then frolic on the fleecy rug that stretches wide and white,
With lance and spear the messengers assail the wounded tree
That seems to shiver as in fear of winter's ghostly sight.

To and fro they sail and press till last beyond the gaze,
The dazzling sheen of shield and belt reflects bewitching gleams,
In field and wood they swerve, then pause 'round camps of silent ways—
Where Nature's servants and bosom friends repose in peaceful dreams.

In broad and winding trail they drill with many a fancy glide,
Soon over, then break to pass from view and mangle with the dead;
Among the fallen draped with lace lone visions droop and hide
Beneath a crystal canvas, silent hands have softly spread.

Each and all together lapse in muffled nooks at last,
Where mingled throngs through ages have been marching down the years;
Like as gray hosts of Winter sweep along—the storm soon passed—
So life's old aggregation comes and halts, then disappears.

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Upon a Christmas Day.

The feast was spread upon the board,
 The guests came filing in,
And anxious glances but implored
 The repast to begin.
The steaming food a savor lent,
 And keened the appetite;
And each one, flushed with joy intent,
 Was smiling at the sight.

O'er sparkling glasses toasts were said;
 And humor held full sway;
Each flowing bowl a question bred
 In some amusing way.
The host and hostess gaily vied
 In rivalry and glee
Their ceaseless efforts, jointly tried,
 Made much hilarity.

The time wore on; the viands seemed
 Bereft of half their charm.
And faces, yet with brightness beamed,
 Showed signs of no alarm.
The festive meal at last was o'er,
 And each resolved that they
Had ne'er enjoyed such times before—
 Upon a Christmas day.

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Earth In Winter.

Soothed in silence; yea! stilled in sleep
 And, lo, a dustless chaff descends.
Eyes, that in turn did smile and weep,
 Are closed, and sealed, from worldly friends.
Ever thus? No! But held a slave;
 Some day, though not for all, will come
Green banners which shall gayly wave,
 And each their joyous tune shall hum.
A cold palm, stretching wide and white,
 Is laid upon a cheek once flushed.
And, like the silence of a night,
 The days seem desolate and hushed;
And earth, a camping stool for Man,
 Has swooned beneath a leaden span.

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The Winter Winds.

What are the winds saying, I wonder,
As they shriek and wail through the trees,
Now shorn of their beautiful plumage
That in summer unfurled to the breeze?

They are counting the cost of the harvest
That was garnered and winnowed so soon,
And are seeking for remnants and leavings
That are widely and sparingly strewn.

No music of Nature's gay minstrels,
Such as comes from the alcoves and heights,
Awakens the slumbering silence,
While the days seem as drear as the night.

The bleak winter winds, fraught with changes,
Are laden with woe and despair,
And are telling the thresholds and casements
Of a grief that is irksome to bear.

That is why the winds are complaining,
And the woodlands look dismal and cold!
They are sorrowing like a good shepherd
For the lambs that have strayed from the fold.

They pine and bemoan o'er lost treasures
That were fated to wither and die,
And now, like a heart overburdened,
The winter winds tremble and sigh.

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December.

The cold December winds rake up the leaves,
That have been felled with Time's keen reaping hook;
In many a mouldering heap the earth receives,
There lie the pages torn from Autumn's book!

The withered covers, mark the sallow plains,
And all the pictures are now stained and spoiled;
Still in the mind a memory retains
Impressions of the beauty time has soiled.

Would we gather them up and bind anew
The remnants of those pages once so clean,
That are bereft of every winsome hue—
The gala book once nicely bound in green?
Old, gray December; grandsire of the year!
Crippled and stooped and soon to disappear.

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A Bleak Day.

The snow is descending,
And shadows are blending,
Over the landscape draped in white.
How the winds do hurry,
In a fitful flurry,
The whirling flakes upon their flight.

The house-tops are hiding,
As if they're confiding
Their cares in the frills of its gown;
The chimney's out standing,
Like orders commanding,
The snow that is spattering down.

The trees bend and quiver,
The naked vines shiver
As the blasts go blustering by;
And sounds rise and banish,
And distant views vanish,
Like films passing over the eye.

The earth seems inverted,
And bleak and deserted,
Like one driven out in the cold—
Without hope of a friend,
Save the snowflakes that descend,
And gather them into its fold.

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As It Seems.

The clouds are dark and threatening,
 Soon will the snow descend
And lay a downy mantle on
 The bosom of our friend.

No beauty decks the landscape now,
 Each gala scene is cleft;
The ragged lawns and naked trees,
 Are of all charm bereft.

Still do the evergreens endure
 The frost and wind, but moan,
As if they prone would right some wrong,
 For being left alone.

How soon the seasons come and go,
 Each in their wonted place,
That change the tenor of our thoughts,
 And drift our life apace.

Fair Spring unlocks the vault of Time!
Mid Summer grants good cheer;
Sad Autumn trails a scarlet train;
 Cold Winter drapes the year.

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A Psalm for the Year.

Lo! the new year now is with us,
 Such a pert and sprightly elf!
And the old year has departed;
 Put the past upon the shelf.

Meet the morrow with a challenge,
 Do not run away or pause;
Let each day bear fruits of merit,
 And achieve some noble cause.

Take the new year in your keeping,
 And, with firm and faithful hearts,
Go with it with sunny feelings
 And sincerely act your parts.

Never falter, but be manful
 And as true and trustful mates,
Roam in paths where love and sunshine
 Light you through time's narrow straits.

Life is full of useful pages,
 Each and every hand may bind
In a book, with illustrations,
 That will benefit mandkind.

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Skating.

Skating to some is elating,
And sometimes quite elevating,
When you strike a snag imbedded in the ice;
All at once your left foot fails you,
And it's hard to tell what ails you,
Still you wonder how it happens quite so nice.

To go floating like a feather,
O'er smooth surface when the weather
Is frigid enough to freeze a hitching post;
Makes rare sport that suits full many,
But for me I don't want any
And will give my share to those who like to boast.

It is nice to be a skater,
But to cut the alligator
Is not near so grand by half as figure eights,
And to sit down unexpected,
In a manner unaffected,
Is a trick quite easy done with any skates.

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February.

The day is dismal and lonesome,
 And the clouds look bleak and drear;
How the wind shrieks loud and plaintive,
 As if it were full of fear.

Like a wild and barren desert,
 Uncheered by a welcome sight,
I fancy the landscape frowning,
 With its fleecy coat of white.

The trees, like shivering spectres,
 Are covered with ice and snow;
Long icicles fringe the houses,
 In many a gleaming row.

How drear seems the scenes of nature,
 With roseate charms laid waste,
Still visions of vanished beauty,
 Through vistas of time are traced.

The snowflakes have ceased descending,
 And the landscape fades away,
While the darkness weaves in silence,
 A shroud for the wintry day.

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The Old Year and the New.

The year is ebbing through time's channel,
A channel ever swift and wide;
And mortals drift away, like flotsam
Floating seaward with the tide.
How many friends a twelve months scatter;
How many faces are laid low
Along the shore, gray and uneven,
During the days that come and go?

Yet! there is soon a New Year coming,
That shuts the gap of the parting year;
And new hope springs to life and kindles
The brighter lights that conduce to cheer.
May peace brood over the on-coming days,
And minds grow broader in civilized ways.

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The Year Is Dying.

The year is dying,
The winds are sighing
Over the meadows cold and sear.
The clouds are broken,
And sounds betoken
The death and birth of another year.

The days grow brighter
And hearts feel lighter
Over the hopes the New imparts
Bygones have perished,
Bright thoughts are cherished,
In fresh decision of our hearts.

Joy-beams are shining,
No more repining.
The past is gone, the living here.
Be up and doing,
In faith, pursuing
Each precious moment of the year.

Time past is olden,
The present golden,
Our opportunities but wait
In boundless measure
And crowning pleasure
True efforts e'er to compensate.

The bells are ringing,
Glad news they're bringing
On tireless wings of fleeting time,
Which can forever,
By true endeavor,
E'er fill our lives with joy sublime.

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The Winter Moon.

Like arrows shot from an Indian's bow
The moonbeams shoot across the snow
 And pierce the cloak of night.
Each star is like a flaming lance
Shot from heaven by some strange chance
 Athwart earth's bosom white.

As glistening eyes the cold moon's beams
Gild radiance on the icebound streams
 And on the frosted trees,
Like watchful sentinels of the night
In gilded armor, buckled tight,
 Starting from nature's frieze.

The air is filled with flashing sparks,
Like gem dust strewn o'er sleeping parks
 Or a garden drunk with dew;
And over the snow faint tremors glide,
Through the crystal halls, subdued and wide,
 Which the moonbeams frolic through.

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Under the Snow.

Gone are the days that once gladdened our eyes,
Still are those sounds which in bright days we hear;
Nothing seems left to remind us of ties
Now broken and sullied, conducive to cheer.

Sad is the landscape, denuded and pale;
Clouds, like dark curtains, hang heavy and low;
Winds chant a dirge and they rude assail
The fragments that soon will be under the snow.

Over the ruins an ashen pall lies,
Stretched like a winding sheet, muffling the dead;
Like a tired mother, the evergreen sighs
Over the paths that to pleasures once led.

Orchards and arbors look sullen and gaunt—
Even the sumack has dampened its glow;
Golden rod mingles with each fragrant plant
Now faded, so soon to be under the snow.

Drear are the places that once looked so green,
Where friends and companions oft strolled to and fro;
Many a face that in summer was seen
Will, like the blossoms, lie under the snow.

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Love Is Dead.

Love is dead, and winds are wailing
'Round her cold and mournful bier;
Sighs and sobs were unavailing!
Hope relaxed, while death drew near.

Lo! the withered leaves and flowers,
That were wont to smile and wave
In the fields and woodland bowers,
Now are strewn upon her grave.

Love is dead, and days are dreary;
No blithe sounds or roundelays
Make the heart feel light and cheery,
As do calm and pleasant days!

When the birds their gay songs render,
And the blossoms reappear,
Then will Love, in fairest splendor,
Rise afrom her brumal bier.

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The Family Circle.

(A Christmas Poem.)

We should indeed feel thankful,
For the blessings of the year;
And meet and gladly mingle
As of old, with friends still here,
And from the family circle!
Yet many a friendly face
Is missed, by present members,
From its nook at the fireplace.

Blest is the happy household,
Where all can unite once more,
And add to the joy of others,
The same as in days of yore.
Let each achieve a purpose,
On Yule-tide that will cheer
And comfort those about them,
For they may be gone next year.

The life that has been favored
With health through the year that wanes
Has gained the greatest blessing
That time and the world contains.
The wind moans through the lattice,
And sighs by each windowsill,
As if bewailing loved ones,
Departed—forever still.

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Visitation of the Past.

'Tis raining, and the night is drear,
And winds sweeps o'er the lea!
No sounds of gladness rise to cheer
The thoughts that dwell in me.
A lilac near my window moans
And creaks upon the pane;
I listen to the plaintive tones,
That to the night complain.

An ancient timepiece, on the wall,
Ticks solemn on my ears,
And sober echoes rise and fall
And speak of vanished years.
Quaint visions mingle in the gloom,
While memories unfold,
And shadows flit about the room,
Like spectres dark and bold.

A flood of fancies form around
The pictures on the wall,
Whose voices can no more resound
In fond, familiar call!
Lost to the care of cumbrous years,
The past comes back to me;
I seem to leave this sphere of tears
And wander fancy free.

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Visitation of the Past.

Continued.

My thoughts call back the jocund days,
And I behold once more
The happy scenes of careless ways,
Enjoyed in days of yore.
My little playmates, one by one,
Beside me now appear,
I watch their merry rounds of fun,
Their voices seem so near.

I roam once more my haunts of old,
They seem the same to me,
I hear the stories mother told
While I sat upon her knee.
A phantom vision, draped in white,
Now moves across the floor;
I watch it vanish in the night
And close my chamber door.

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Twelve Harvesters of Time.

The twelve grand harvesters of Time!
 They reap and glean life's golden sheaves,
Bound into hours and days sublime,
 Shining with hope the heart receives.

One by one doth each harvester
 Garner awhile, then go away;
At last the task is done they were
 Destined in turn, to do each day.

All of the harvesters, save one,
 Have come and gone—their task fulfilled!
The last surveys the work, all done,
 Then leaves as fate hath sternly willed.

Time notes the change that each soon wrought,
 Then counts the gain a year has made;
Many true lessons have been taught
 For which some hearths hath dearly paid.

The field wherein those harvesters,
 From first till last, the passing year,
Filed through in quick succession stirs
 True souls to feel that life is dear.

Memory comes and with a sigh,
 The world takes note of what has been,
All bid the dying year good-bye,
 While Time renews firm vows of men.

How grand it is to feel and see
 The joy and beauty of the earth,
To dwell in sweet serenity,
 And value what each day is worth.

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Scenes of the Night.

When the mind is hushed in slumber,
 Healed by Night's pacific balm,
Then depart those thoughts that cumber
 To the woods of peace and calm.

Through the jeweled halls of sable,
 Mystic forms rove to and fro,
Past many a deserted table
 Feebly lit by candle glow.

Some are happy, some are sighing,
 Some are yearning for the dead;
Some just born, some just dying,
 Some are parting, some are wed.

Thus the hours are fraught with missions,
 Dark and solemn, grave and gay,
Growing bold like apparitions
 Which through Time's gray chambers stray.

Now the stars, like tranquil towers
 That along rough seaboards lay,
Light Earth to Heaven the hours
 Until night has sped away.

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Vesper Scenes.

I sat on a huge veranda
 While the sun was going down,
And the shadows wrapped the landscape
 In a mantle gray and brown.

The evening was calm and lovely,
 The moon rose full and clear,
And the lights that tinged the heavens
 Threw a halo far and near.

The stars blinked in their orbits,
 And beamed on the world below,
That was hushed in peaceful slumber,
 And wooed from its din and woe.

The silence, so quaint and tranquil,
 Seemed to bear my soul afar,
Where the astral visions gathered,
 And burnished each fulgent star.

The ocean lay to the westward,
 But the waves were still and mild,
And its broad and jeweled bosom
 Was calm as a sleeping child.

Through a mesh of climbing roses,
 That scented each rural breeze,
The radiant moonbeams sifted,
 And gleamed in the cypress trees.

As I watched the matchless splendor
 Of the earth, the sky and sea,
A feeling of awe and wonder
 Cast a strangeness over me.

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Vesper Scenes.

Continued

And roseate days of childhood,
 When joy is as moonlight nights,
Seemed to shine through golden vistas,
 Like a flash of northern lights.

As a knitted hose unravels,
 Thus did youthful scenes unwind;
And my thoughts were wafted backward
 To that haven left behind.

The clock in the village tower
 Struck loudly the hour of ten,
And the echoes cleaved the welkin,
 And rang through the wooded glen.

The zephyrs bestirred the roses,
 That bathed in the moon's bright glow;
And the columns flung deep shadows
 On the floor of the portico.

And as I beheld those shadows,
 That frowned in the mellow light,
I fancied a human semblance
 Of life and its dark and bright.

Thus, life's sphere is tinged with colors,
 Like a florid western sky,
And the years are full of shadows,
 That waver and then pass by.

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Evening.

The sun is dropping down behind the hills,
 And coyly flings a kiss at parting day;
Like silken garments, beautified with frills,
 A drowsy rustle sweeps the gleams away.

And in the dreamy stillness, mantling o'er,
 Methinks I hear the dropping shadows sigh;
Pale hands reach out and shut the dusky door,
 While vigils light their lanterns in the sky.

A whisper from the lips of truant elves,
 In trembling tones assail the coming night;
And through the sombre halls and secret shelves
 The dying echoes mock the fading light,
While silence gathers up the distant sounds,
And Heaven, shorn of smiles, now blinks and
 frowns.

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Withered Fields.

The calm, clear days their joys have spent,
 Leaving sad lines behind.
Time whets his scythe with grim intent
 And cuts down every kind.

The hills and valleys and the streams
 Look torpid and morose.
Where'er the eye may rove there seems
 An absence of repose.

The Lane of Earth.

The world is like a winding lane,
 With many hills and hollows,
Through which mankind, in one long train,
 Behind each other follows.
And side by side, and day by day,
 A multitude is wending;
None ever can retrace their way,
 But must keep on descending.
Some hasten on, some tarry long,
 Throughout the changeful weather,
And at the end the weak and strong,
 Tired out, lie down together.
All journey up and down this lane,
Drawn by a fate man can't explain.

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A Vesper Hymn.

Venus softly spreads a shroud
O'er earth's vast, contending crowd;
One by one the stars come through
As I watch the changeful blue.

Now the sounds of day have fled
To the realms where vigils tread;
And a tranquil lull descends,
As the twilight calmly ends.

Round the western gates ajar,
I behold the evening star;
Watching o'er the flight of day
As it feebly fades away.

Lamps begin to cast their gleams
Here and there, in friendly beams,
'Mong the shadows, growing tall,
Stretching dimly as they fall.

There's a lingering flush of light,
As if kissing day good night,
Seems to stoop and stroke the grey,
Ere it wraps itself away.

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Life Is a Conflict.

Life is a conflict; old earth is the field
 Where the warfare for wealth is waged;
And the actions and words are the arms that are
 used,
 And men are the soldiers engaged.

The battles are many and the triumphs are few,
 The trials are bitter and hard;
Many courageous ones are repulsed
 And faces grow haggard and scarred!

All quickly march upward and downward and
 out,
 While they vie with each other to win,
And camp under tents that are pitched in the
 night
 And open to danger and sin.

Time is the captain and he marshals the host,
 Armed with the deapons God gave,
And the struggle goes on till Death sounds from
 his post.
 The final retreat to the grave.

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Conflict and Battle.

In conflict and battle when brave men meet
And vie for supremacy,
Some lives will be doomed and, alas, fond homes
Made sad by the victory.

Withal the anguish, disaster and woe
The demon of war exacts,
Out of it all comes a bright after glow,
To lighten the world's dark tracts.

The wages of warfare are wounds and death,
Combatants receive and share,
And desolate hearthstones and lonely hearts
And many a vacant chair.

The hero who fights for a worthy cause,
Though he be humble or great,
Raises the standard and glory of life
To a higher and grander state.

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When Day Is Done.

When day is done to slumber we
 At nightfall lay ourselves away,
To dream once more on what may be,
 And tread where only spirits stray.

Around our couches vigils stand
 And calmly shut our tired eyes;
We bow before their magic wand,
 And give to earth all cares and sighs.

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Janann.

He is a hardy son of toil,
His farm is of the richest soil;
His stock is always sleek and trim,
And crops scarce ever fail with him.
The horses mind his ev'ry word,
And harshness is a thing absurd,
His fields give knowledge to his brain,
From up-turned sod to waving grain.

The brook's and birds' unceasing lay
Lend charming music all the day;
A smile is pictured on his face,
Contentment lies in ev'ry trace.
'Tis merry tunes throughout the day
He whistles, as he works away;
With life he's ever satisfied,
For nothing ill does e'er betide.

He stalks abroad the fertile fields,
That e'er bestow him fruitful yields;
His judgment is considered good
By all around the neighborhood;
In all the world owes not a man,
Does bus'ness on the upright plan;
The neighbors all with him agree,
For none could be his enemy.

Cares not for this or that you hear,
And is respected far and near;
The speculator knows him not,
For he can handle all he's got,
And thinks that ev'ry man should know
Enough to do his bus'ness so.
In folderols he don't believe—
"For useless things like them deceive."

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Janann.

Continued.

Is trustee of the village school,
Wherein is taught the "golden rule."
Contented with his humble lot,
And e'er at peace with all he's got,
Is just the man to kindly lend
A helping hand to aid a friend;
'Tis ever with a father's pride
He gathers round his fireside.

For home he holds a sacred tie,
Where joy and love can never die;
Is not a man for pomp or show,
And deems it folly to be so,
Is one of the old-fashioned kind,
That nowadays is hard to find;
Is happy all the livelong day,
And work to him seems only play.

He says, "It's pride that often makes,
Alas! so many sad mistakes";
It's frills and fashions, he is sure,
That make so many people poor;
Believes life would be better spent
If hearts in homes were more content;
Is not a man to fret or foam,
And lives in peace within his home.

THE END.

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